FIGGERS CAN'T LIE

BY SAMUEL DERIEUX.

One of Those Entertaining Stories in Which the Good Are Very Good and the Wicked Are Uncompromising.

LD Uncle Dan Abel, colored shuffled toward home, full of relewantism and trouble. The cause of the rheumatism lay, he would have told you, in the east wind that whistled across the scre cotton and broom-sedge fields this black Winter morning. The cause of the trouble lay in a bill that reposed in the pocket of his ragged overcoat, which this same wind fapped about his sturdy legs.

The bill, handed him in Rowley's torton sked the pulled his weary mule up in front of the bank. It was dusk when store, was for balance due on the season's supplies. According to Luther Rowley, lien merchant with whom he had done business, it was something more than \$150.

Old Dan had protested, and Rowley had ordered him out of the store.

"Here are my books!" the lien merchant had cried. "Here are the figgers don't would you min," suh, steppin' in de word in the shad white. Figgers don't would you min,' suh, steppin' in de word and white. Figgers don't would you min,' suh, steppin' in de with the was and the policeman.

The fare to Columbia collected, Conductor Chase passed on. But old Dan was orried, for as he boarded the train he had seen on the platform one. But that night he secretly removed from Rowley's store one of Rowley's hands, and, though he kitchen. He took counse! with no he kitchen. He took counse! with no few lich the sare of the shed, he kept in the shadows, Dan was afraid the train he had seen on the platform one of Rowley's hands, and, though he whereas there were other bales nigher the kept in the shadows, Dan was afraid the train he had seen him.

At last he fell asleep, his head on his shoulder. The train had stopped. The man above him was a policeman.

"Better come along," said the policeman.

"Better come along," said the policeman.

"Who—mer"

"Who—mer"

"I had a mortgage on it," broke in policeman.

"Mish be a bale of cotton in it."

The fare to Columbia collected.

Conductor Chase passed on. But old Dan had seen on the bale seen on the was wornion of Rowley's hands, and, though he kept in the shadows, Dan

had ordered him out of the store.
"Here are my books!" the lien merchant had cried. "Here are the figgers
in black and white. Figgers don't

"Somethin' done lie, I know dat," the old man muttered.

A mile down the road he turned off toward the old Duncan place. He was the only tenant of Mrs. Sally Duncan. "The widow's mite," a wag had called him. He had been born on the placeborn a slave. He was one of the surviving loyals, tens of thousands of whom when freedom came had stuck to their white folks. He had stuck to Capt. Jack Duncan as long as the captain lived, and to Mrs. Sally Duncan ever since.

Rowley Fose.

"Whar I git It?" Mis' give it to me. She say you understandi."
"Dat, her business, suh. It ain't none o' mine an' it ain't none o' mine a

paw befo' him. Kase when ol' man Rowley try to cheat Steve out'n a year rent Cap'n Jack set up in an' testify 'bout dey reputation trufe an' ferocity. Da's why, mis He asked her how much the interest

She told him it amounted to Why don't you borry, mis'? Dey's

folks will len'. Mr. Kuhby, he—"
"No," she said with gentle firmness. "It would not be borrowing.
Dan. I could not pay it back. It
would be asking charity."
"What de mor'gige come to, mis'?"
"Three thousand dollars."
"Mis', listen to me. You git hold of
dat intrust. In five year we liquefy
dat moregige. I improvin' de place.
I done dreen de swamp an' mighty
nigh clear it up. I gwine git anudder tenant.—Paul Woodward. He done
contract to come. Mis', borry de
money. Gimme time. I flustrate dat
man scheme!"

Old Dan bowed his head. It must seem that I chose to sell and

"Mis"—the voice trembled—"you don' want to sell de ol' place, do you?"

"My heart is here, Dan," she replied. "Oh, I don't know what will become of the how."

lied. "Oh, I don't know what will ecome of the boys!"

* * * *

THE old man went out into the hall.

He thought of Capt. Jack, to whom he and his children had gone in time of trouble: of old Mandy lying. me of trouble; of old Mandy lying and Mis' Sally nursing her to the The ghosts of other days came a those empty stairs and pleaded "Oh, Jesus, marster," he whispered, "he'p a ol' nigger to see this thing

Out in his cabin he got out a bank

book, the savings of years. He hurried toward the barn, occupied now only by his ancient mule. Suddenly he stopped, for in front of the shed herein his only bale of cotton stored a wagon stood, and two young negroes were climbing out.
"Heh, what you doin' dar?" he de-

The biggest buck grinned.
"Cap'n Rowley orders," he said.
tle say you owe him dis—he got a mor'gige on it. Git out de way, ol' man. Hist her dar, Jim; hist her-The eld man saw his bale hauled

"Mis'," he demanded, "who de man?" be one to count on when you's growed. You gwine bring de ol' Dun-

"Mis," he demanded, "who de man?"
"Mr. Rowley."

"An' he gwine deject you an' de little boys out in de road?"

Well, it wasn't as bad as that, she explained. He had given them two weeks. You could hardly expect Mr. Rowley to act differently. He was not a particular friend.

"No, mis," the old fellow broke out. "He aln't a fr'en' to nobody but de debbil! Mis', you know why he want dis place? Kase den he kin set here whar better folks is set an' say he own de ol' Duncan place. Kase Cap'n Jack warn't afraid of him, or he paw befo' him. Kase when ol' man bad wistfully. "He's gwine tek de little boys out in de paw befo' she." Soulder befo' she. "Yes, suh."

"Yes, suh."

"Yes, suh."

"Where'd you aim to go?"

To Reno, Nevaddy, suh."

"What did you aim to go there for?"

"I hear folks talk 'bout dat place, suh. I hear dey got diff'ent laws dar—mo' liniment."

"Well, I reckon it's against the law to steal cotton, even in Reno. Silence in the court!"

the back steps.
"Dat boy gwine mek a man," he said wistfully. "He's gwine tek de load off'n mis' shoulder befo' she ness.

die."

He got out an old telescope and dumped its contents on the floor. A thin lath he left in. "Dat might come in handy some day," he said. From a bureau he got out a wool shirt, some underclothes and a pair or two of heavy socks. He tied the telescope together with twine. He blew out the light and closed the cabin door.

He had planned it all the day before. Shortly before Capt. Jack died fore. Shortly before Capt. Jack died you do with that bale of cotton?" Shortly before Capt. Jack died

a group of men had come out from the city, and all had gone into the big river swamps, camping and hunt-ing. Dan had been taken along as

At night he had listened to their talk. He had heard them tell about a place where, as he gathered, people went whem they were in trouble. It seemed one of their friends whom they had expected to join them was

they had expected to join them was an scheme!"
She looked long and searchingly at seager, black face. Then she shook relead.
"I cannot borrow," she repeated twould be asking charity."
Old Dan bowed his head.
"Tou must not speak of this, Dan. must seem that I chose to sell and one away."

Kirby had been looking straight at there.

Kirby had been looking straight at him, as if in an effort to get at the motive, and now old Dan, meeting the keen blue eyes under the shaggy brows, thought he saw in them a quick signal of comprehension, of understanding.

"Better put some mo' wood in the stove. Tom Kelley," he said, "an' neath the old man's ragged overcoat by the stove. This case ain't him, as if in an effort to get at the motive, and now old Dan, meeting the keen blue eyes under the shaggy brows, thought he saw in them a quick signal of comprehension, of understanding.

"Better put some mo' wood in the stove. Tom Kelley," he said, "an' neath the old man's ragged overcoat his clothes showed still more ragged. d man. "I gwine pay my way, suh."
"Where to?"

"Dey's all right, suh. Mr. Kuhby, would you min,' suh, steppin' in de sto, a minute wid me?"

"Here are my books." the liel merchant had cried. "Here are the figers at rest.

"How's Mrs. Duncan an' the boys."

"Dey's all right, suh. Mr. Kuhby, sould you min,' suh, steepin' in dead and white. Figers don't lie."

"It's my cot, suh." said Kirby, sum for the source of figures—the illiterate man's belief in the potency of figures—the illiterate man's belief in the potency of figures—the illiterate man's bame, too, in the presence of them.

"In all white for the potency of figures—the illiterate man's bame, too, in the presence of them.

"A mile down the road he turned off toward the old Duncan place. He was the collete and the here of the man's as a summon.

"Where'd she git it."

"A mile down the road he turned off toward the old Duncan place. He was the collete and the him feed me can the potency wiving loyals, tens of thousands of whom when freedom came had stuck to their white folks. He had stuck to Capt. Jack Duncan as a long as the captain lived, and to Mrs. Saily Duncan place had been a great plantation once. But Capt. Jack's Schemes and wislons had been a great plantation once. But Capt. Jack's schemes and visions had been a great plantation once. But Capt. Jack's schemes and visions had been agreat plantation once. But Capt. Jack's schemes and visions had been agreat plantation once. But Capt. Jack's schemes and visions had been agreat plantation once. But Capt. Jack's schemes and visions had been agreat plantation once. But capt. Jack's schemes and visions had been agreat plantation once. But capt. Jack's schemes and visions had been agreat plantation had large and visions had been agreat plantation once and word. The Duncan place had been agreat plantation once and word. The Duncan place had been agreat plantation once and word. The plantation had been agreated by the paper. The plantation of the plantation developed by the paper of the paper o tain, believing in him as wiser menhad believed. But the plantation had helieved. But the plantation had to pay. Acre by acre it had had to pay. Acre by acre it had dedieved. But the plantation had to pay. Acre by acre it had did pay. Acre by acre it had died pay. Acre by acre b

"Sure I can."

"Da's a man—da's a man." And the old fellow chuckled. "You gwine be one to count on when you's growed. You gwine bring de ol' Duncan name back to what it use to was. Buddy, mebbe I gwine 'way a little le'; shed?"

"Yes, suh."
"Did you try to leave the country?"
"Yes, suh."

in the court! Rowley pushed impatiently forward. This was triffing. Business was busi-"There ain't nothin' for you to do

A BOVE Kirby's luxuriant white

beard his cheeks, though lean, were as ruddy as Autumn apples, and ever so slightly, these cheeks

"Dan Abel," he resumed, "what did you do with that bale of cotton?" "I 'spose of it, suh."
"What did you do with the money?"
"I 'spose of dat, too."
"How did you dispose of it?"

"How did you dispose of it?"
Dan's heart jumped into his mouth.
"Is I 'bleeged to answer dat, suh?"
"No, not unless you want to."
"Den, Mr. Kirby, I beg to be skused. I 'spose of it. Money ain't hard to git shed of."
Kirby had been looking straight at him as if in a effort to get at the

deacon?"

"I sticks! Yes, suh, I sticks! Dey ain't no use to say no mo', Mr. Rowley—you wastin' yo' breaf!"

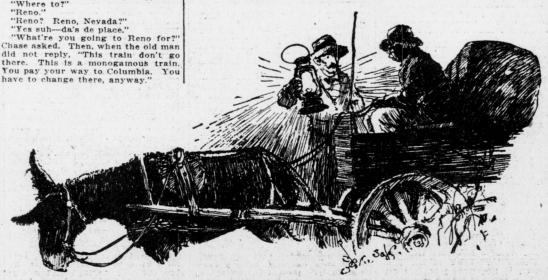
"Then you go to the pen!"

"Well, suh, if I goes, I goes."

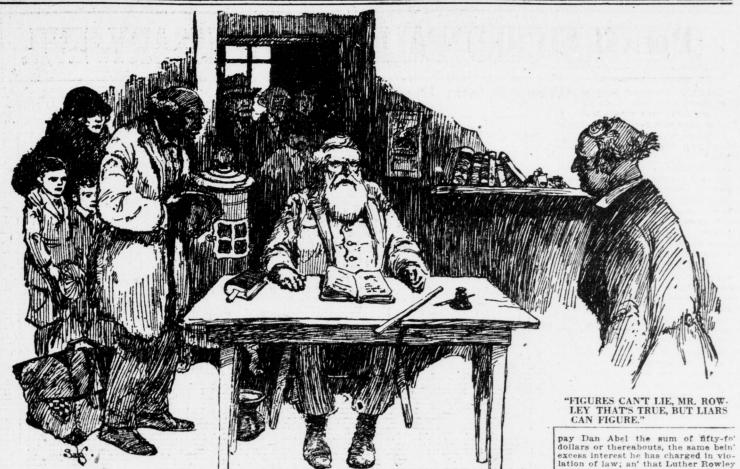
"Tom Kelley," called Rowley, "come get this nigger!"

Old Dan entered the

Kirby.
"Part of it's interest—part other



HE SECRETLY REMOVED THE BALE OF COTTON THAT HAD BEEN HIS. ON THE WAY HOME HE WAS STOPPED ONCE.



never try to molest in any way this ol' man, Dan Abel, or any of those interested in him. "An' my warnin' is that if he does so molest them, individually or collectively, I will use whatever influence I have, includin' my pocketbook, to see that he is brought to trial for the same. An' now, this case bein' disposed of, co't stands adjourned."

Took to me," said Kirby, "he would gaze he had. Here's you book to great the second of the second of

mess fairly—her want to see you, here the five sears were out Ralph conditions. The old man crossed the yard and climbed the high stopp of the back plant of the back plant of the plant of

Film a Throbbing Thrill

embroidered. The street barber, who classics, they were compelled to remove the Mr. Rowley's sto' an' fetch that account book."

"THE crowd made way for the officer when he returned, a ledger under his arm.

"Now." said Kirby, "we'll see how this book an' this stick agree. Here's the book, fifty on the stick. Sor a so good. Here's the second—forty-five on the book, sixy on the stick."

The figuring went on. At last Kirby straightened up.

"There's a hundred an' fifty dollars of the day to talk and drink. There's a hundred an' fifty dollars. There's a hundred an' fifty dollars on the soliding and sit down in a root furnished with a number of plain wooden tables and chairs. We then the total debits here an' not specified?"

"Mr. Rowley, what's interrupted Dan, tree was the control of the cont

the Chinese fashion while waiting for our tea to be served, and for two cop-pers get from another boy a small package of peanuts. Our tea is a green-white color and is served Chi-nese style in small cups and without

BUT watch the four men sitting at the adjoining table. One of them is talking earnestly and gesticulating message. as he evidently is urging his companions to see his point of view. They it to Big Jim, the sheriff. See the excited crowd gathering. . . . Jim's listen to him interestedly and intently as he makes known his ideas. They are dressed alike in black jackets reaching to the waist and wearng gowns of gray silk, from which peep the small feet clad in black cloth slippers. All of them have fans in their hands. The one talking at times waves his excitedly, but the others fan themselves slowly, with the languidness of the East. The speaker frequently makes his companions laugh. The Chinese laugh heartily and at times violently; they take life as it comes and seem always to have time to enjoy a joke. On the other hand, they have also a great respect laugh. The Chinese laugh heartily and at times violently; they take life as it comes and seem always to have time to enjoy a joke. On the other hand, they have also a great respect for learning, and will listen attentively to one who speaks with knowledge of the Chinese classics.

Here in Nanking we are in one of the great educational centers of China, both old and new. This morning while strolling about I came to an old structure new partly torn down, in which 20,000 students formerly took their examinations for government positions. These were the famous examination halls, built during the Ming dynasty, when the famous civil service of China was start
| Aughted | Cout of the cave ... out into the bright sunshine ... and riding for the whether? Oh, I get it—fine! fine! See that great sign?

| Waisle's unbound ... Maisle's unbound ... Maisle's unbound ... Maisle's unbound ... Maisle's unbound ... she's hand list ment of the United States."

Now they're running an airplane out of the shed—what a huge man but of the shed—what a huge man out of the shed—what a huge man out of the sheding in Bessemer Steel, and Big Jim, the sheriff, and list men; see, Ascot is going to steer.

Away they go—up—up—it's circling round searching for the motor car. Aha! they must see it now ... Look at the airplane swooping down ... and see, there's the motor ... Fushing over the mesa she flunked the spelling exam.

(Continued from Third Page.)

"I Want Every Man That Can

Ride and Handle a Gun"

Hurrah! That's the way .
see them leap on the horses and off
in a whirl of dust. . . There,
they're riding into the gulch .
they're tearing down the stones
. . they're entering the cave

emer Steel. . . .

Out of the cave . . .

they've found Ascot and Bes-

Rowley. I call dat curus.

"Now, look here?" Rowley started forward, face pale, eyes blazing.

"Stand back there?" kirrly had risen half out of his chir. Ralph, the lad, stepped between Mirs, Duncans and Chinese take and the lad, stepped between Mirs, Duncans and Chinese and Chinese fast was a small bow as a stepped between Mirs, Duncans and Chinese and Chinese dates and the lad, the lad, stepped between Mirs, Dunch, and the lad, stepped between Mirs, Dunch, and the lad, stepped be

maintained jointly by four Protestant denominations in the United States. Including all departments, it had last year more than 1.500 students in attendance upon its courses, and it is recognized all over China as one of the vital forces that are helping to create the new China.

The university is situated in Nanking proper, not far from the ancient Drum Tower. Its campus comprises about 80 acres of land, about which are scattered numerous buildings of modern construction, including dormitories, laboratories, lecture halls and homes for members of the faculty. It has also forest nurseries and experimental farms. I visited it today, looked over its

farms it experiments with various crops, and methods of cultivation for the improvement of Chinese agriculture. It distributes tested seeds, issues bulletins for free distribution and gives demonstrations on its own and Chinese farms, and works out improved designs of Chinese and American agricultural implements. This college has been made the administrator of a fund of nearly three-fourths of a million dollars.

three-fourths of a million dollars, left over from the amount raised in a Unider the terms of the car still tied . . . here's the airplane right after it . . look at Dan Yegg standing up in the car and shooting at the airplane with a revolver.

They're shooting back . that's Big Jim with his Winehester leaning and such other activities as may result the same of the Chinese in agriculture, forestry and such other activities as may result three-fourths of a million dollars, left over from the amount raised in the United States for famine relief in China. Under the terms of the allotment, the university is to devote in the cause of famine in China, prevention work, and for the education of the Chinese in agriculture, forestry and such other activities as may results. one famine a year, and there is no

It is a thoroughly modern institution, Hurrah, they're hauling her on the airplane. . . The motor can fall now, it doesn't matter where it falls to . . there's the airplane, landed . . . Maisle's unbound . . she's in to . . . there's the airplane, landed . . . Maisle's unbound . . . she's in her father's arms . . . he's handing

of the hospital includes operating rooms and laboratories, and it is, in fact, prepared to render service as complete and up-to-date as the best of similar institutions in the United States. Besides providing hospital facilities for American and other foreigners in this part of China, it serves as a training school for Chinese physicians and nurses, and is the directing center of a great deal the directing center of a great deal of invaluable work in hygiene, sanitation and medical relief among the Chinese of Nanking and vicinity. (Copyright, 1925, Carpenter's World Travels.)

"Words fail me," muttered the boy